THE VISITOR.

A SOBER GUEST, WHOSE PHILANTHROPIC VIEWS
ARE TO INSTRUCT, OR HARMLESSLY AMUSE.

No. 20.] *RICHMOND; SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1809.* [VOL. I.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE VISITOR.

GENTLEMEN,

I obſerve that your correſpondent A. B. does not profeſs to take ſo wide a view of his ſubject as it might admit, and concludes it without ſaying a ſingle word about the Ladies. It is true that affectation aſſumes ſuch a pleaſing aſpect in that form, as often holds us in ſuſpence before we hazard an opinion. But it is certainly our duty when we ſee her mixing with the Graces, to point out the dangerous tendency of ſuch an aſſociate, and recommend a more intimate acquaintance with Nature. She is the only ſure guide, and ſtands in need of no tinſel ornaments or ſtudied appearances to attract admiration. How many pretty faces of her forming, have the fair hands of the poſſeſſor diſguiſed by patches and deſtroyed by paint. Theſe arts never anſwer the purpoſe intended, and indeed excite ſenſations very foreign from it, while ſimplicity of manners inſenſibly intereſts the feelings, and ſupercedes all rivalry without labour. This triumph, though unconſciouſly gained, is no doubt a little mortifying, and may probably give riſe to an additional dimple or a deeper tinge, but ſtill the fair artiſt wanders farther from her object, and the prize is found on the very path ſhe has left. Theſe little arts are worſe than uſeleſs; many real pleaſures are no doubt loſt, and many neceſſary duties neglected. The delicacy of the ſex alone pleads ſufficiently ſtrong for the moſt ſedulous attention, and yet this inſinuating enemy, will even refine upon that very delicacy as a lure. The ſtarting tear, the dying ſwoon, will always meet with the moſt officious ſervices in every circle,—but there never ſhould be any acting here; it is too great an abuſe of the tendereſt ſympathies. It is true, the charms on ſuch occaſions, are neceſſarily brought nearer to the eye, but the idea of deception counteracts any laſting effect, and prevents the danger of their reaching any farther. But were artifices like theſe, even to prevail ſo far, as to bring a crowd of ſighing ſuitors at the feet of beauty, the ſame affectation which ſucceeded in alluring, would lead to the caprices of a coquettiſh ſecurity, till every thing rational and ſerious ſubſided, and the phantaſtic fair one was left at leiſure to lament the fate of her faded charms. There is another ſpecies of this unfortunate failing, which, though full as fatal to reciprocal affection, carries an imaginary conſolation with it into this veſtal retirement. A taſte for reading gives a conſcious ſuperiority of mental acquirements, and the melting beau, or the unpretending man of buſineſs, are equally ſubject to a ſupercilious ſmile. The poets poſſeſs all her raptures, and a new novel unread excites her ſtrongeſt ſolicitudes. This lady can write long letters with the ſame facility ſhe ſpeaks, and is conſidered, no doubt, a prodigy of learning, under her own roof. Modeſt literary men ſtand no chance in her company, for after profeſſing they have ſeen but few of the books in the catalogue ſhe runs over, they are obliged to endure a repetition of their contents, and afterwards with affected diffidence, requeſted to give a *very candid* opinion, perhaps, of ſome lines ſhe produces of her own. There may be no defect in the talents of ſuch a lady; her misfortune is owing to a promiſcous indigeſted maſs of reading, which mixes indiſcriminately in her converſation, juſt as the ſubjects happen to preſent themſelves, added to the too general propenſity of gaining diſtinction; forgetful of the poets admonition,

> We ſhould diſcover, they ſhould not diſplay,
> But yield their charms of mind with ſweet delay.

It is to be lamented that affectation ſhould thus miſlead ſo many, and particularly any of the ſofter ſex, who have ſo few diſintereſted friends, to prune the luxuriancy of imagination, or bring to maturity the efforts of genius. A careful attention in early life to their education, would certainly render this aſſiſtance leſs neceſſary, and give a better direction to their taſte in the choice of books. The flippant fictions met with in novels, have frequently a very pernicious effect and tend greatly to put a falſe gloſs on the modes of expreſſion, as well as behaviour. They vitiate the taſte, contribute little to exerciſe the powers of reflection, and impreſs falſe notions of real life. This is their general character, but there are certainly ſome exceptions, among which the ladies themſelves have ſhone conſpiciouſly. But I perceive I am exceeding the limits I intended when I ſat down, and can only plead in excuſe, an anxious deſire to ſee the moſt amiable part of the creation ſtill more faultleſs.

C.

FOR THE VISITOR.

LOVE AND OPPORTUNITY.

AN ALLEGORICAL FRAGMENT.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

* * * * Mark yon haggard form, his thinly ſcattered hairs twined into a ſingle lock, float on the air; his brow is furrowed by a thouſand wrinkles, yet his limbs are as thoſe of Hercules; his ſhoulders are ſhadowed by wings, large as bear to Olympus top the bird of Jove; his ſtep is variable, from that of youth to age, and his hand is armed with an enormous ſythe. Now he flies paſt the Gate of *Happineſs*; then with foot ſwifter than conveyed Camilla o'er the yielding wave, he ſkims the fairy land of Pleaſure, mowing down the flowers that are ſcattered thro' its paths. But ſee!—he approaches the abode of Miſery—his wings drop down, and his totering ſteps are ſcarce ſupported by his ſythe, he reaches the deſerts of Pain, and reclines his weried form upon the briers and thorns, which ſpring up in wild and horrid confuſion o'er all its drear domain.—'Tis *Time!* But let not the contemplation of this object prevent thy obſerving the infant, by which he is accompanied. See! he is winged as his ſire,—who holds him faſt by one hand, and whoſe ghant limbs, ſhade him almoſt perpetually from the enquiring ſight. His fragile and delicate form appears ſo light, that Zephyr might bear him on his wing, nor bend beneath the weight.—Locks, dark as the plumage of the raven, float upon his glowing neck—his face is alternately covered with bluſhes, and uſurped by the paleneſs of fear, and his half cloſed eyes, now ſhut, as if they would hide their ſparklings, in the ſilken laſhes which ſurround them—now, with wild and hurried glance, move to and fro, while he trembles at the breeze, that whiſpers through his hair —'Tis *Opportunity!* As they fly through the gay region of Pleaſure, he turns with many a lingering look, to view the fleeting ſcene—yet dare not aſk to ſtay. He graſps at the roſes as he paſſes by them—nor weeps tho' his hand ſhould be torn by the thorns. But who is this, with rapid pennon, following as they fly? His brow is crowned with roſes; his golden ringlets breathe perfumes ſweeter than Arabian groves—Ah! 'tis *Love!* I ſee the glittering quiver at his back; his left hand holds the bow and fatal ſhaft, whilſt his right, is loaded with the choiceſt fruit and flowers, culled from pleaſure's groves, with which he tempts in ſecret the wiſhful, timerous child of Time. But Love in vain flies round and round; the infant dare not ſtray. Unwearied ſtill, Love yet purſues—while, though reluctant, the other ſtill muſt fly. But ſee, they approach the regions of Pain; when the eyes of Time for an inſtant ſeem to cloſe; the infant watches the moment of eſcape—and Love, in that moment, lays hold on Opportunity.

In repenting of, or acknowledging a fault, we look leſs in our own imagination, but greater in the eyes of others. A general having beaten an officer, on a miſinformation, begged his pardon at the head of the army.—The officer replied, "Sir, you have reſtored me my honor, but taken away my life; for, after this, I can do no leſs than ſacrifice it in this day's ſervice." This anſwer was made juſt before an engagement.

EUDOXUS AND LEONTINE.

EUDOXUS and Leontine began the world with ſmall eſtates. They were both of them men of good ſenſe and great virtue. They proſecuted their ſtudies together in their earlier years, and entered into ſuch a friendſhip as laſted to the end of their lives. Eudoxus, at his firſt ſetting out into the world, threw himſelf into a court, where by his natural endowments and his acquired abilities he made his way from one poſt to another, till at length he had raiſed a very conſiderable fortune.—Leontine ſought all opportunities of improving his mind by ſtudy, converſation and travel. He was not only acquainted with all the ſciences, but with the moſt eminent Profeſſors of them throughout Europe. He knew perfectly well the intereſts of its princes, with the cuſtoms and faſhions of their courts; in ſhort, he had ſo well mixed and digeſted the knowledge of men and books, that he made one of the moſt accompliſhed perſons of his age. During the whole courſe of his ſtudies and travels he kept up a punctual correſpondence with Eudoxus, who often made himſelf acceptable to the principle men about court, by the intelligence which he received from Leontine. When they were both turned of forty (an age in which, according to Sir Walter Comley, *there is no dallying with life*) they determined, purſuant to the reſolution they had taken in the beginning of their lives to retire, and paſs the remainder of their days in the country. In order to this, they both of them married about the ſame time. Leontine, with his own and wife's fortune, bought a farm of three hundred a year, which lay within the neighbourhood of his friend Eudoxus, who had purchaſed an eſtate of as many thouſands: they were both of them fathers about the ſame time: Eudoxus having a ſon, and Leontine a daughter. But to the unſpeakable grief of the latter, his wife died in a few days after the birth of her daughter. His affliction would have been inſupportable, had he not been comforted by the daily viſits and converſation of his friend. As they were one day talking with their uſual intimacy, Leontine conſidering how incapable he was of giving his daughter a proper education in his own houſe, and Eudoxus, reflecting on the ordinary behaviour of a ſon who knows himſelf heir to a great eſtate, they agreed upon an exchange of children; namely that the boy ſhould be bred up with Leontine as his ſon, and the girl with Eudoxus as his daughter, till they were arrived at years of diſcretion. The wife of Eudoxus, knowing that her ſon could not be ſo advantageouſly brought up as under the care of Leontine, was by degrees prevailed on to fall into the project. She therefore took Leonilla, and educated her as her daughter. The friends on each ſide had wrought themſelves into ſuch an habitual tenderneſs for the children who were under their direction, that each of them had the real paſſion of a father. Florio, the name of the young heir that lived with Leontine, though he had all the duty and affection imaginable for his ſuppoſed parent, was taught to rejoice at the ſight of Eudoxus. The boy was now old enough to know his ſuppoſed fathers circumſtances, and that therefore he was to make his way in the world by his own induſtry. This conſideration grew ſtronger in him every day, and produced ſo good an effect, that he applied himſelf with more than ordinary diligence in the purſuit of every thing which Leontine recommended to him. His natural abilities, which were very good, aſſiſted by the directions of ſo excellent a counſeller, enabled him to make a quicker progreſs than ordinary through all the parts of his education. Before he was twenty years of age, having finiſhed his ſtudies and exerciſes with great applauſe, he was removed from the Univerſity to the Inns of Court, where there are few that make themſelves conſiderable proficients in the ſtudies of the place, who know they ſhall arrive at great eſtates without them. This was not Florio's caſe; he found that three hundred a year was but a ſmall eſtate for Leontine and himſelf to live upon, ſo that he ſtudied without intermiſſion, till he gained a very good inſight into the conſtitution and laws of his country.

Florio became acquainted with Leonilla from her infancy. By degrees his acquaintance with her grew into love, which in a mind trained up in all the ſentiments of honour, became a very uneaſy paſſion. He deſpaired of gaining an heireſs of ſo great a fortune, and would rather have died than attempted it by any indirect methods. Leonilla, who was a woman of the greateſt beauty, joined with the greateſt modeſty, entertained at the ſame time a ſecret paſſion for Florio, but conducted herſelf with ſo much prudence, that ſhe never gave him the leaſt intimation of it. Florio was now engaged in all thoſe arts and improvements that are proper to raiſe a man's private fortune, and give him a figure in his country, but ſecretly tormented with that paſſion which burns with the greateſt fury in a noble and virtuous heart, when he received a ſudden ſummons from Leontine to repair to him in the country the next day. It ſeems Eudoxus was ſo filled with the report of his ſon's reputation, that he could no longer withhold making himſelf known to him. The morning after his arrival, Leontine told him that Eudoxus had ſomething of great importance to communicate to him; upon which the good man embraced him, and went. Florio was no ſooner arrived at the great houſe, but Eudoxus took him by the hand, and conducted him to his cloſet. He there opened to him the whole ſecret of his parentage, concluding thus: "I have no other method left of acknowledging my gratitude to Leontine, than by marrying you to his daughter. He muſt not loſe the pleaſure of being your father. Leonilla too ſhall be my daughter; her filial piety, though miſplaced, has been ſo exemplary, that it deſerves the greateſt reward I can confer upon it.—You ſhall have the pleaſure of ſeeing a great eſtate fall to you, which you would have loſt the reliſh of had you known yourſelf born to it. Continue only to deſerve it in the ſame manner you did before you were poſſeſſed of it. I have left your mother in the next room. Her heart yearns towards you. She is making the ſame diſcovery to Leonilla." Florio was ſo overwhelmed with this profuſion of happineſs, that he was not able to make a reply, but threw himſelf down at his father's feet, and amidſt a flood of tears, kiſſed his knees, aſking his bleſſing, and expreſſing in dumb ſhow thoſe ſentiments of love, duty, and gratitude, which were too big for utterance. To conclude, the happy pair were married, and half Eudoxus's eſtate ſettled upon them. Leontine and Eudoxus paſſed the remainder of their lives together, and received, in the dutiful affectionate behaviour of Florio and Leonilla the juſt recompenſe, as well as the natural effects, of that care which they had beſtowed upon them in their education.

TO CHLOE.

From the German of Geſner.

YESTERDAY as a roſe leaf ſwam through the air, Chloe, whilſt a fragrant odour ſurrounded us, I will tell thee what I ſaw, which thou couldſt not ſee; whilſt I ſat by thy ſide, one arm embracing thee, and my languiſhing looks and ſighs were more eloquent than my ſtammering tongue; then I ſaw, (for to us poets much is granted,) I ſaw the little Cupid upon the roſe leaf, he ſtood upon it like the god of the ocean on his ſcallop ſhell, and Zephyrs ſmaller than bees were harneſſed to his light car—The little god was charming, like one of thy looks, and lovely as thy ſmiles. He drove his car ſtraight to thy boſom, and ſtopt it at the edge of the tucker, the Zephyrs ſlipt into the folds of the breaſt-knots, which threw a fleeting ſhade over thy boſom. The little god ſtepped out, and fluttered about the heaving boſom, then placing himſelf in the midſt, oh, how voluptouſly did he lie. Mighty god of love! I ſoftly ſighed to him; moſt powerful of the gods! oh, hear my prayer! No mortal has felt thy power ſo much as I. Reward my anxiety and my pains—aſſiſt the poet who has always reverenced thy power! grant, oh grant, that Chloe's love, which now ſpeaks to me ſo ſtrongly from her eyes, may never be extinguiſhed in her heart—how eaſy, ah how eaſy would it be to her to be unfaithful---dreadful thought! She whom every heart meets with rapture, when ſhe appears with irreſiſtible charms---oh hear! hear me! moſt potent of the gods.

Love leaned one arm upon thy boſom, and in the other, held aloft his conquering bow. The Graces (ſaid he, audible only to myſelf,) have inviſibly educated her, and little Cupid has brought each charm to perfection. Her looks, her ſmiles, are virtuous as myſelf---her ſprightly air is like the arrows of my quiver; whoever hears her is enchanted; and whoever ſees her muſt love. She loves thee, and has choſen thee in preference to every mortal. She ſhall love thee alone, I ſwear by all my conquering arrows.

She who unites in her own perſon, every charm which captivates, though divided among the attendants of Venus---oh, moſt happy among mortals!

Having ſaid this, the little god left his charming ſeat, and ſtepped into his roſe leaf; I am now going, ſaid he, to Gnidus; Chloe's ſtatue of pure white marble ſhall ſtand near that of my mother. She ſhall be a pattern for lovers, and they who nouriſh a conſtant flame in their breaſts, ſhall offer garlands of flowers upon her altar. The roſe leaf again mounted aloft into the air. Thou ſaweſt my aſtoniſhment, but my tranſports I could only ſhew by preſſing thee to my boſom.

Natural History.

Additions to the Natural History of certain Animals.

EAGLES.

These birds inhabit the Pyrenees, in considerable numbers. "On the station of the south peak (*Pic du midi,*) a vigilant eagle came to recognise us on the frontier. His female was also desirous of seeing us at no great distance; she showed us the white feathers which distinguished her from her sublime spouse. He, hovering over our heads at an elevation of fifty feet, seemed to count us as as we passed. I still in idea see his formidable talons bent back on his breast, and his sparkling eyes darting fiery glances at us. As he was flying away from us, I exclaimed,---King of the air, reign here, far from those tyrants who would make war on thee; but be not thyself a tyrant.

"Some shepherds who were accustomed to see these birds, told us that they had not much reason to complain of them: 'Were it not for a poor cat which they seized lately whilst it was sleeping on the roof of yon cottage, we should have scarcely any thing to reproach them with. But we have this cat at heart. If you had but heard how it mewed! had you seen how it struggled in their talons, whilst they were carelessly taking it to their young ones!'*

"These peasants shewed us the inaccessible peak where those eagles live without rivals; on which their aerie, or nest is situated, and from whence they make their incursions. 'The reason why we do not forgive them for having caught our cat is, because this place abounds in partridges, and they might have picked up as many as they chose to stoop for.'

"We were also told that here in general the eagles live in a family way, each in its own rounds. Those who venture to fly beyond their limits, and seek their prey too near their neighbour's domains, expose themselves to violent assaults. We had lately found the carcase of an eagle with its feathers still on, which our guide made no doubt but had been killed in single combat."

In another part of the Pyrenean mountains, near the top of the Peak of the south, (which is almost two miles in perpendicular height above the level of the sea,) our traveller saw another pair of eagles. He says, "A prospect, which, to be properly regarded, demanded more than common attention, appeared all round us. At more than a hundred fathom beneath our feet, fluctuated as it were, a vast sea, waving and foaming, it was a thick mist or fog, on the surface of which two eagles were hovering, which we were told inhabited the inaccessible summit of a neighbouring mountain. Those fierce birds after having traversed clouds and fogs, seemed to have come purposely this way to display the sublimity of their bold flight to our eyes. They made, as if swimming, the tour of several peaks, on which we many times observed their vast projecting shadows; (just then a rival fly buzzing touched my face†) suddenly stopping their flight, they seem to float sleeping in the air; and afterwards as suddenly darted over our heads quite out of sight. In their different evolutions, they came near enough for us to distinguish the colours of their wings, and then all at once they plunged into the fog, and we saw them no more."

The eagle rises higher in the air than any of the winged race. There was lately read at the National Institute in Paris, a memoir by C. la Cepede (author of a natural history of fishes, oviparous quadrupeds, and serpents,) on the flight and vision of birds, in which it results, from his observation, that "the eagle, and man of war birds, (*albatross,*) are endowed with the strongest power of flight, and the acutest vision. The sight of these birds is nine times more extensive than that of the furthest sighted man; and in two hundred and twenty hours, or a little more than nine days, allowing them sixteen or seventeen hours of repose, they would make the tour of the whole earth."

* Mr. Barlow made a drawing, which he afterwards engraved, of an eagle which he saw brought to the ground after a severe conflict with a cat, which it had seized and taken up in the air with its talons.

† The eagle and fly were the only living beings which I saw on the peak of the south.

Two other birds are remarkable for the swiftness of their flight. Wild swans when flying before the wind in a brisk gale, seldom fly at a less rate than a hundred miles an hour. So says Hearne in his account of Hudson's Bay and the northern ocean.

The carrier pigeon has been known to fly from Bagdad to Alleppo, which, to a man is usually made a thirty days journey, in forty eight hours.

To measure the rapidity of their flight in some degree, a person sent a carrier pigeon from London, by the coach, to a friend in St. Edmund's Bury, and along with it a note desiring that the pigeon, two days after its arrival there, might be thrown up precisely when the town clock struck nine in the morning; this was accordingly done, and the pigeon arrived in London, and flew into the Bull-inn, in Bishopsgate street, at half an hour past eleven o'clock of the same morning, having flown seventy two miles in two hours and a half.---(*Annual Register, 1765.*)

A Mr. Lockman has given the following anecdote of a pigeon in the preface to his musical drama of Rosalinda:

"I was at the house of a Mr. Lee, in Cheshire, whose daughter was a performer on the harpsicord, and I observed a pigeon, which, whenever she played the song of "*Spero si,*" in Handel's opera of *Admetus*, and this only, would descend from the adjacent dove house to the window of theroom where she sat, and listen apparently with pleasing emotions; and when the song was fininshed, it always returned directly home."

FAMILIAR LETTERS ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

Why are you so eager in your enquiries? what I now have to say is known to every body; for what is there new in this, that in general fat people are good natured, and those who rise too high above the common size, sink often below the ordinary standard of wit. The good nature of the first proceeds from the tranquil state of their minds; their blood flowing with less rapidity than that of others, and increasing the weight of flesh which buries the powers of their souls. As to those unproportionably tall, it often happens that they are not only deprived of wit, but of strength and activity; for whenever nature extends her limits on the one side, she narrows them on the other. When she raises up a structure which towers on high, she has exhausted her means, and is unable to furnish it as splendidly as though the edifice had been less elevated and less extensive. It is still her work, it is laboured with as much care as her other productions, the proportions alone are not the same.

You will not wonder, when I tell you that strong and nervous persons do not possess a wide share of delicacy; since the matter which composes their bodies, is more purely terrestrial, and therefore less susceptible of feeling. Those whose stiff necks seem unwilling to bend or whose air seems repulsive, must wear a heart distended with pride or shut to the wants of their fellow creatures.

I must now keep my promise, and explore with you the miror of the soul; an appellation which has been bestowed by the generality of mankind upon the eyes, and which comes very powerfully to the support of my system. But my subject seems so rich and extensive that I stand bewildered in the midst of mental treasures, and will therefore probably be able to snatch but a very small portion of the instruction they afford.

Of all the senses, sight is more particularly the chosen abode of the soul, where she keeps on the watch, and from whence, whenever she glances over a new object, she compares it with the images of others which she has stored in her capacious bosom. Her most energetic language is that spoken through this organ, the force and sweetness of which, cannot be equalled by the powers of harmony of the voice. When our stock of expressions is exhausted, we have recourse to the silent eloquence of the eyes, which, freed from the shackles of grammatical rules, express with one look, what numerous and complicated sentences would have failed to unfold.

What confirms my opinion of the importance of the eyes in physiognomy is, that they never can betray truth, however our inclinations may lead us to endeavour to conceal it. You have surely remarked more than once, that many persons answered *no* with their lips, while their eyes said *yes*, and their consequent way of acting proved that the *yes* was real, and that the *no* but feigned, to avoid importunities.

Many people imitate the loud tones of paſſion, while their looks are begging your pardon; ſhould you pay attention only to their threats you will be deceived, but ſhould you examine their eyes, you will immediately diſcover their true feelings.

It is perhaps prejudice which teaches us to prefer large eyes to ſmall ones, yet I believe that the firſt indicate a more open diſpoſition and that thoſe that are rather prominent, forbode more good than thoſe that are ſunk or covered. It is falſe that little eyes contain more fire than large ones, the reaſon of its being more apparent in them is, that it is collected into a ſmaller focus, and therefore ſhines with more brilliancy. Perſons of a very lively temper have ſeldom received large organs of ſight from nature. The ſame inferrences may be drawn from the colour of the eyes; thoſe that are black, intimate that habitual indolence and ſloth cannot be ranked among the defects of their poſſeſſors; thoſe that are blue, the contrary, but make up in tenderneſs what they loſe in activity. There are ſome which have no meaning, and among theſe we muſt diſtinguiſh the full from the common ones. The former, which are in general ſhort-ſighted, conceal almoſt always a rich fund of wit and energy; the latter prove a man to be deprived of the power of reflection, and to bee ndowed with few virtues, and of all the ſorts of eyes I have ſeen, they are the worſt, as they promiſe nothing. If their colour be blue eſpecially, they will indicate cowardice and weakneſs; but if black, they will ſignity no more than ſome ardour and activity. Clear eyes, I always found attended with a clear and orderly mind, while thoſe which appeared uncertain though full of fire, belonged to men who loved nothing. A perſon with humid eyes, loves with too much fervency; and one with eyes widely opened, loves every thing. I run a great riſque of offending many of your friends perhaps, were they to ſee this picture, if ſo, let them know that I am fair enough to acknowledge, that though ſuch eyes as N——'s diſpleaſe me, yet I dwell ſecure upon his friendſhip; and that though contracted eyes are in my opinion a ſure ſign of a narrow mind, I deem Mr. D——'s very powerful and comprehenſive.

We recommend the following exeellent letter, from the celebrated novel Julia Roubigné, by Mr. Mackenzie, to the attention of our female readers, generally.

MADAME DE ROUBIGNE,

TO HER DAUGHTER JULIA.

"Before this can reach you, the hand that writes it, and the heart that dictates, ſhall be mouldering in the grave. I mean it to ſupply the place of ſome cautions, which I ſhould think it my duty to deliver to you, ſhould I live to ſee you a wife. The precepts it contains, you have often heard me inculcate; but I know that general obſervations on a poſſible event, have much leſs force than thoſe which apply to our immediate condition. In the fate of a woman, marriage is the moſt important criſis: it fixes her in a ſtate, of all others the moſt happy, or the moſt wretched; and though mere precept can perhaps do little in any caſe, yet there is a natural propenſity to try its efficacy in all. She who writes this paper, has been long a wife, and a mother; the experience of one, and the anxiety of the other, prompt herinſtructions; and ſhe has been too happy in both characers to have much doubt of their truth, or fear of their reception.

"Sweetneſs of temper, affection to a huſband, and attention to his intereſts, conſtitute the duties of a wife, and form the baſis of matrimonial felicity. Theſe are indeed the texts, from which every rule for attaining this felicity is drawn. The charms of beauty, and the brilliancy of wit, though they may captivate in the miſtreſs, will not long delight in the wife: they will ſhorten even their own tranſitory reign, if, as I have ſeen in many wives, they ſhine more for the attraction of every body elſe than of their huſbands. Let the pleaſing of that one perſon be a thought never abſent from your conduct. If he loves you as you would wiſh he ſhould, he will bleed at heart ſhould he ſuppoſe it for a moment withdrawn: if he does not, his pride will ſupply the place of love, and his reſentment that of ſuffering.

"Never conſider a trifle what may tend to pleaſe him. The great articles of duty he will ſet down as his own; but the leſſer attentions he will mark as favours; and truſt me, for I have experienced it, there is no feeling more delightful to one's ſelf, than that of turning thoſe little things to ſo precious a uſe.

"If you marry a man of a certain ſort, ſuch as the romance of young minds generally paints for a huſband, you will deride the ſuppoſition of any poſſible decreaſe in the ardour of your affections. But wedlock, even in its happieſt lot, is not exempted from the common fate of all ſublunary bleſſings; there is ever a deluſion in hope, which cannot abide with poſſeſſion. The rapture of extravagant love will evaporate and waſte; the conduct of the wife muſt ſubſtitute in its room other regards, as delicate, and more laſting. I ſay the conduct of the wife; for marriage, be a huſband what he may, reverſes the prerogative of ſex; his will expect to be pleaſed, and ours muſt be ſedulous to pleaſe.

"This privilege a good-natured man may wave; he will feel it, however, due; and third perſons will have penetration enough to ſee, and may have malice enough to remark, the want of it in his wife. He muſt be a huſband unworthy of you, who could bare the degradation of ſuffering this in ſilence. The idea of power on either ſide, ſhould be totally baniſhed from the ſyſtem: it is not ſufficient, that the huſband ſhould never have occaſion to regret the want of it; the wife muſt ſo behave, that he may never be conſcious of poſſeſſing it.

"But my Julia, if a mother's fondneſs deceives me not, ſtands not much in need of cautions like theſe. I cannot allow myſelf the idea of her wedding a man, on whom ſhe would not wiſh to be dependent, or whoſe inclinations a temper like hers would deſire to controul. She will be more in danger from that ſoftneſs, that ſenſibility of ſoul, which will yield perhaps too much for the happineſs of both. The office of a wife includes the exertion of a friend; a good one muſt frequently ſtrengthen and ſupport that weakneſs, which a bad one would endeavour to overcome. There are ſituations, where it will not be enough to love, to cheriſh, to obey: ſhe muſt teach her huſband to be at peace with himſelf, to be reconciled to the world, to reſiſt misfortune, to conquer adverſity.

"Alas! my child, I am here an inſtructreſs but too well ſkilled! Theſe tears, with which this paper is ſoiled, fell not in the preſence of your father, though, now, they but trace the remembrance of what then, it was my lot to feel. Think it not impoſſible to reſtrain your feelings, becauſe they are ſtrong. The enthuſiaſm of feeling will ſometimes overcome diſtreſſes, which the cold heart of prudence had been unable to endure.

"But *misfortune* is not always *misery*. I have known this truth; I am proud to believe, that I have ſometimes taught it to Roubigné. Thanks be to that power, whoſe decrees I reverence! He often tempered the anguiſh of our ſufferings, till there was a ſort of luxury in feeling them. Then is the triumph of wedded love!—the tie that binds the happy may be dear; but that which links the unfortunate is tenderneſs unutterable.

"There are afflictions leſs eaſy to be endured, which your mother has not experienced: thoſe which a huſband inflicts, and the beſt wives feel the moſt ſeverely. Theſe, like all our ſharpeſt calamities, the fortitude that can reſiſt, can only cure. Complainings debaſe her who ſuffers, and harden him who aggrieves. Let not a woman always look for their cauſe in the injuſtice of her lord: they may proceed from many trifling errors in her own conduct, which virtue cannot blame, though wiſdom muſt regret. If ſhe makes this diſcovery, let them be amended without a thought if poſſible, at any rate without an expreſſion, of merit in amending them. In this, and in every other inſtance, it muſt never be forgotten, that the only government allowed on our ſide, is that of gentleneſs and attraction; and that its power, like the fabled influence of imaginary beings, muſt be inviſible to be complete.

"Above all, let a wife beware of communicating to others any want of duty or tenderneſs, ſhe may think ſhe has perceived in her huſband. This untwiſts, at once, thoſe delicate cords, which preſerve the unity of the marriage engagement. Its ſacredneſs is broken forever, if third parties are made witneſſes of its failings, or umpires of its diſputes. It may ſeem almoſt profane in me to confeſs, that once, when, through the malice of an enemy, I was made, for a ſhort time to believe, that my Roubigné had wronged me, I durſt not, even in my prayers to heaven, petition for a reſtoration of his love; I prayed to be made a better wife: when I would have ſaid, a more beloved one, my utterance failed me for the word."

Maxim.—There can be no ſtricter union upon earth than that of a virtuous friendſhip.

MADAM ROLAND.

The extraordinary courage Madam Roland, wife of the ex-miniſter of that name, diſplayed during the ſeries of her mifortunes deſerves to be mentioned; for it is, perhaps, more by her courage than any other quality that this celebrated woman has merited the eulogiums which have been laviſhed upon her. The following is the account ſhe has herſelf given of her firſt impriſonment:

"When I found myſelf incloſed within four dirty walls, ſaw a miſerable bed without curtains, and a doubly grated window, and was alſo aſſailed with that diſagreeable ſmell, which a perſon accuſtomed to cleanly apartments always finds in thoſe that are dirty, I felt, indeed, that I was in a priſon: yet, reſolved to accommodate myſelf as much as poſſible to my circumſtances; I derived ſome pleaſure from obſerving that my chamber was ſufficiently roomy, that it had a fireplace, that the covering of the bed was tolerable, that I was ſupplied with a pillow; I forbore to make compariſons, and deemed myſelf not badly accommodated. In this temper I went to bed, and reſolved to remain in it as long as I found myſelf at eaſe: I had not even left my bed at ten the next morning, when my counſellor arrived. He was ſtill more affected by my ſituation than on the preceeding evening, and he ſurveyed my deplorable chamber, with which I was already ſatisfied, becauſe I had ſlept well, with viſible agitation.

"The commotion among the people was at that time very great, the drums were frequently beating to arms, and I was ignorant of what was paſſing out of doors.

"The tyrants ſhall not, ſaid I to myſelf, prevent my making the moſt of life to my laſt moment; more happy in the ſatisfaction of my own conſcience than they can be in the enjoyment of their fury. If they come to put me to death, I will go forward to meet them, and I ſhall quit this life as one who enters a ſtate of repoſe.

"When I went down to the apartment of the keeper's wife I found my faithful nurſe: ſhe threw herſelf into my arms, drowned in tears and choaked with ſobs; I myſelf melted into tenderneſs and ſorrow, reproaching myſelf for the tranquility I had enjoyed, while thoſe who were attached to me were afflicted with the moſt anxious alarms; and picturing to myſelf ſucceſſively the anxiety of one perſon and another, I felt an indeſcribable oppreſſion at my heart.

"I never was accuſtomed to be expenſive in what regards my perſonal enjoyments, and I have even a pleaſure in exerciſing my courage in any accidental privation. A paſſion ſeized me now to make an experiment, to diſcover in what degree the power of the mind can narrow the wants of man. At the end of four days I began to reduce the quality of my breakfaſt, and inſtead of coffee and chocolate, to take bread and water: I ordered a ſmall plate of ſome ſimple diſh with vegetables for my dinner, and in the evening a few vegetables without any deſert. I firſt drank ſmall-beer inſtead of wine, and then I diſcontinued the beer. As this œconomy had a moral object, and as I equally diſliked and deſpiſed a frugality that had no other end than to ſave, I appropriated a ſum for the poorer ſort in the priſon, that I might have the pleaſure, while I eat my dry bread in the morning, to reflect that they would have a better dinner for my privations."

When Madam Roland arrived at the Conciergerie, ſays the author of the Memoirs of a Priſoner, the blood of the twenty-two Deputies ſtill flowed on the ſpot. Though ſhe well comprehended the fate which awaited her, her firmneſs did not forſake her. Although paſt the prime of life, ſhe was a fine woman, tall, and of an elegant form; an expreſſion infinitely ſuperior to what is uſually found in women was ſeen in her large black eyes, at once forcible and mild. She frequentſpoke from her window to thoſe without, with the extent and greatneſs of mind of a man of the firſt order of talent. Sometimes, however, the ſuſceptibility of her ſex gained the aſcendance, and it was ſeen that ſhe had been weeping, no doubt at the remembrance of her daughter and h ſband. This mixture of delicate feeling and heroic fortitude rendered Madam Roland ſtill more intereſting. As ſhe paſſed to her examination, we ſaw her with that firmneſs of deportment which uſually marked her character: as ſhe returned, her eyes were moiſtened with tears, but they were tears of indignation. She had been treated with the groſſeſt rudeneſs, and queſtions had been put to her inſulting to her honor. The day on which ſhe was condemned ſhe had dreſſed herſelf in white, and with peculiar care: her long black hair hung down looſe to her waiſt. After her condemnation ſhe returned to the priſon with an alacrity that was little ſhort of pleaſure. By a ſign that was not miſtaken, ſhe gave all to underſtand that ſhe was condemned to die. Aſſociated in the ſame death with her was a man who had not her fortitude; yet ſhe infuſed a portion of her courage into his mind, in a manner ſo attractive and irreſiſtable that he was ſeen more than once to ſmile!

When ſhe came to the place of execution, ſhe bowed to the ſtatue of Liberty, and pronounced theſe words, ever to be remembered: "Oh Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!"

[FROM THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS]

IRELAND'S MUSIC AND SONG.

There is at this time publiſhing in Ireland, a collection of the antient Iriſh Airs, with modern Songs, written for the occaſion. The work is executing in a ſtyle and manner worthy the ſubjects commemorated. Thomas Moore is writing the ſongs. We have ſeen two numbers of the work, from which we have extracted ſome of the ſongs. We cannot, however, be perſuaded to their publication, without ſome introductory remarks, principally intended to remove prejudice, or well founded diſapprobation of the writer of the ſongs.

Thomas Moore, celebrated as the tranſlator of the poems of Anacreon, is well known in this country. The knowledge that he was a penſioner of the Britiſh Government, was even here forgotten in the faſcination of his manners, and the vivacity of his converſation, and he was every where, and in all companies, courted and carreſſed. It is painful to add that in return for all this kindneſs and hoſpitality, Moore, on his return to England, publiſhed a book calumniating the citizens of the United States. A ſhort time after the publication of his Travels, he was engaged to write the words for the Antient Iriſh Muſic, then preparing for the preſs. On his qualifications for this undertaking, it would be uſeleſs to expatiate. Moore's genius and fancy, taſte and talents, feeling and judgment, place him in the very firſt rank of modern poets. The licentiouſneſs of ſome of his poems has been ſeverely and juſtly condemned. He has profited by the public opinion, and chaſtened his Muſe. He has done more, he has burſt the fetters of corruption, in which ſhe was bound, and ſhe now ſoars on the wings of Genius, through the boundleſs regions of Virtue, Independence and Freedom.

In the ſongs he has written to Iriſh Airs, he has touched upon the ancient freedom and valor of the Sons of Erin, and upon their oppreſſion and ſuffering in the later periods of their hiſtory. We lately publiſhed one of thoſe pieces, and we propoſe to publiſh more, in which the men of republican America will ſo warmly ſympathize in the feelings of the Poet, and in the cauſe he advocates, that they will forget his heretofore ingratitude, and rejoice in the acquiſition of ſo ſweet and powerful a pleader.

The name of Robert Emmet, will recall to the memory of our readers ſuperior talents and ſublime virtues, Courage the moſt intrepid, and eloquence the moſt animated and inſpiring——Who has read his ſpeech before ſentence of death was paſſed upon him, and has not curſed his murderers, while the tears of pity trickled down their burning cheeks? Emmet and Moore were fellow-ſtudents. Moore left Ireland at an early age: Emmet remained, and with his blood ſealed his attachment to the Freedom, and Independence of the country that gave him birth. It will be recollected that Emmet requeſted that no man ſhould write his epitaph, till other men and other times ſhould ariſe, that would permit juſtice to be done to the purity of his motives, and the holy cauſe for which he was martyred. Moore has ſeized upon this requeſt, and with a heart affectionately alive to the virtues, talents and principles of his friend, has introduced to the tune of the celebrated Iriſh Air of "The Brown Maid," the following ſweetly poetical verſes as a teſtimonial of the ardour with which he cheriſhes the memory of Emmet:

Oh! breathe not his name, let it ſleep in the ſhade,
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid:
Sad, ſilent, and dark be the tears that are ſhed,
As the night dew that fall on the graſs o'er his head!
But the night dew that falls, though in ſilence it weeps,
Shall brighten, with verdure, the grave where he ſleeps:—
And the tear that we ſhed, though in ſecret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our ſouls.

The following curſory remarks on the works of Noah Webſter, Eſq. are ſelected from the London Monthly Magazine, for Auguſt, 1802.

'The works of Noah Webſter, Eſq. They have been numerous; and ſeveral of them very reſpectable and ingenious, but ſo heterogeneous as to defy analyſis: morality, politics, religion and aſtrology, mixed and beat up together like drugs in a morter. It was reſerved for this gentleman to diſcover that the Britiſh *literati*, by the pains they had taken for ſo many centuries to arrange their language into its preſent ſtate of ſymmetry, had deprived it of its beauties, and ſo tied it up with parts of ſpeech, moods, tenſes, numbers, and perſons, as to require a long and tedious time to unite the Gordian knot; therefore, Alexander like, he determined to cut it at once; let ſyntax looſe; divorſe adjective from ſubſtantive; wreak his vengeance upon orthography, and deliver it, bound hand and foot, to orthoepy, to uſe at pleaſure: out of thoſe poor disjointed rudiments, he propoſes to frame, in his peſtle and morter way, an American tongue, of which he was to be the immortal founder! Fired with the glorious proſpect, and determined to break down that barrier which he could not overleap, between learning and ignorance, and to become the champion of the latter, he publiſhed a miſcellaneous collection of ſtuff, having the ſame affinity to ſcience, which an *olla podrida* or hotch potch has to cookery, 'paſſing all underſtanding of man,' and propoſed it as a model of American writing, and the foundation of a new tongue. Among the principle improvements introduced into this elegant ſpecimen of tranſatlantic novelty, was that of ſpelling words according to auricular ſounds; as *az*, his *biz*, honor *honnur*, and alſo that of cutting out by ſyncope, all letters not uſed in pronunciation—as in brought *bro't*, thought *tho't*, ſought *ſo't*; but unfortunately for this tongue maker, his work only procured him one diſciple or wag, who pretended to be ſo—a razor grinder by trade. He reſided, for he was above the order of itinerant brethren, in a houſe adjoining to the bridge, over the creek, in Richmond, Virginia; and, in order to hold out his occupation to the intelligent Virginians, put a board over his ſhop-window, on which was inſcribed, 'Razors ground and *ſot* here!'

Humorous.

DOCTOR RADCLIFF.

This eminent phyſician (whoſe parſimony ſeemed to encreaſe with his practice, poſſeſſed an intuitive wit which he loſt few oportunities of indulging) on fixing his reſidence in Bloomſbury ſquare had found it neceſſary to employ a pavior to mend the approach to his houſe. When the job was finiſhed the man called frequently for his money but could never find the Doctor at home. At laſt after receiving the uſual anſwer, he came to the determination of waiting near the door till he could ſee him, and fortunately ſoon found an oportunity of preſenting his bill as he was alighting from his carriage. The Doctor, who did not ſeem to like the preſcription, began to complain—"What an enormous charge is here! and you expect to be paid do you? You have a pretty knack at making bills I ſee Mr. Pavior; and pray what for? never was a worſe job done: You ſpoilt my pavement and then covered it over with earth to ſpoil your bungling work." "Ah! Doctor! Doctor!" ſaid the man, "There have been many worſe jobs done than this; but if it were really as bad as you ſay, you know very well, that mine is not the only bungling work the earth hides." "What you are a wit then as well as a pavior are you?" returned Radcliff, "I am ſure you muſt be poor, come in and take your money."

The Doctor having attended a lady of ſome diſtinction, rather longer than was thought neceſſary, ſtill continued his viſits for the ſake of the fee. At length ſhe was determined to give the Doctor a hint on the occaſion. When he came again, inſtead of the uſual fee of three guineas, ſhe gave him only two. Radcliff ſtill kept his hand open and turned his eyes very earneſtly on the floor "What are you looking for Doctor?" ſaid the lady, "I am afraid Madam," he replied, "I have dropt a Guinea," "O no, Doctor, you need not trouble yourſelf any farther about that," returned the lady, "It is not you it is me who has *dropt* the guinea.

During the laſt illneſs of William the 3d, Doctor Radcliff attended him at Kenſington Palace. His legs had ſwelled prodigiouſly, and as they were ſitting together, the King putting them towards him, ſaid, "Here's a pair of legs for you Doctor, what do you think of them, "Think of them!" replied Radcliff, "I would not have your Mageſty's *two legs* for your *three crowns*. For this blunt piece of ill timed wit, he was never afterwards admitted.

A pedantic gentleman who was traveling, and above common language, ſtopped at an inn to get his horſe and himſelf refreſhment. Seeing ſome boys, when he alighted he ordered one to "circumambulate his horſe two or three times round the manſion, then permit him to inhale a moderate quantity of aqueous particles after which to give him proper vegetable nutriment, and he would make him pecuniary ſatisfaction."

The boy being unaccuſtomed to ſuch language, ran into the houſe and told his father that a prince was without who ſpoke French; the father came out, and hearing the man ſcold, aſked him what was the matter? ', Sir, (ſays the gentleman,) I invoke all the genii atteſtis's that your offspring rejected me, and refuſed to put in practice my deſires—Now, Sir, you I implore to enforce obedience upon them by correction, and then immediately provide ſome nutrious ſubſtance, to ſtrengthen nature, cured over vegetable fuel, as I abhor the ſulphureous tincture of minerals—remember to get ſome ſtimulus with it."

The inkeeper, without heſitation, concluded him a madman, and with his luſty wife, ſeized and tied him hands and feet, to a ring in the barn floor, then went for a doctor, who put a bliſter on his back, which in three days brought him to his wandering ſenſes.

MARRIAGES.

MARRIED,— On Thurſday the 19th ult. Capt. Thomas Marſhall, Attorney at Law, to Miſs Margaret Lewis, eldeſt daughter of Mr. Fielding Lewis, of Charles-City County.

——On the ſame day, Mr. John W. Davis of Peterſburg, to Miſs Martha Ann Davies, of Cheſterfield County.

——Alſo, on the ſame evening, Mr. John Williams of Prince-George, to Miſs Mary Baugh, of the ſame County.

——On the ſame evening, Mr. William Robertſon, Attorney at Law, to Miſs Chriſtianna Williams, daughter of Mr. Frederic Williams, all of Peterſburg.

A marriage took place a few days ago, between a *Mr. Roſe* and a *Miſs Lily*. This is what Dr. Darwin might juſtly denominate the *loves of the plants*. *Lon. pap.*

DEATHS.

DIED,—On Wedneſday the 24 of Auguſt, at her ſeat in Goochland county, Mrs. Agnes Clopton,

——On board the ſhip Powhatan, on the paſſage from London, Mrs. Charlotte S. Gamble, wife of John Gamble of this city.

——Lately, in the vicinity of Wilmington N. C. Henry Watters, Eſq. and Col. Richard Quince.

——In England, lately, aged 88, Mrs. Beaton, in St John's Madder market Norwich. She was a native of Wales, and commonly called the *Free-Maſon*, from the circumſtance of her concealing herſelf one evening in the wainſcotting of a lodge room, where ſhe learnt that ſecret; the knowledge of which thouſands of her ſex have in vain attempted to arrive at. Is is ſaid ſhe was a very *ſingular* old woman as the *ſecret* died with her.

——In Murderhill Foreſt, near Dover, Delaware, Patience, a woman of colour, aged 109 years. She retained all her faculties till within one year of her diſſolution.

FOR THE VISITOR.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

The following ſtanzas were put into my hands by a young Gentleman whoſe pen is ſeldom engaged in the ſervice of the muſes. I thought them too good to be ſuppreſſed, and ſhould you entertain the ſame opinion he ought not to be ſurpriſed when he takes up the Viſitor at finding them made public. Z.

When Flora decks the fields around,
And foliage waves on ev'ry tree,
If Mary's face with ſmiles abound,
It is a double ſpring with me.

When Summer's ſultry heats oppreſs,
And nature droops in all we ſee,
If Mary's eye no change confeſs,
'Tis but a brighter Spring to me,

When meadows loſe their vernal green,
And leaves fall with'ring from the tree
If Mary's looks be but ſerene,
The Autumn is as ſpring to me.

When winter comes in coldeſt blaſt,
And birds have ceaſed their warbling key,
If Mary's face in ſmiles be caſt
E'vn winter is the ſpring for me.

Take every ſeaſon of the year,
Though each in turn may diſagree,
Let Mary's looks benign appear,
Then all the year is ſpring for me.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

Go! where the mournful willow weeps,
In ſilent woe o'er Mary's tomb;
Beneath that mantling moſs ſhe ſleeps,
In chilling Death! eternal gloom.

Unpitying fate! Tyranic power
Why haſt thou ſnatched my fair away;
Why rudely cropt that virgin flower;
That ſcarcely bloom'd in Virtue's ray.

Ah! why ſhall lovelineſs and truth,
Alike with grovelling vice expire;
Why fades the beauteous form of youth
To moulder with the aged ſire?

Has beauty no protector here,
From Death its ſpotleſs form to ſave;
Has innocence no guardian near,
To ſnatch it from th' oblivious grave.

Alas! ſtern fate no pref'rence gives,
To virtue tho' in tendereſt bloom;
For whilſt no more my Mary lives,
Some murderer lurks in Mid-night gloom.

Dear hapleſs Maid ſleep on in reſt,
I'll hover o'er thy moſs clad grave;
And ſcatter roſes on thy breaſt,
Whoſe leaves the paſſing breeze ſhall wave.

With each ſweet flower from the field
Where oft my lovely charmer rov'd,
I'll deck the ſpot where lies conceal'd,
My Mary—her, I only lov'd.

Each lily white—each daiſy wild,
Wild as the Phantom of deſpair;
Their beautuous tints yet undefil'd,
I'll moiſten with a lover's tear.

I'll there my Mary's fate bewail,
The bed of her eternal ſleep;
And liſten to the ſighing gale,
And ſadly with the willow weep. HARMON.

LAMPOON.

To her who beſt anſwers the deſcription.

Whoever reads theſe ſtanzas thro'
Will know them meant for only you.

The venom of your viper tongue
Affails both friends and foes,
And ev'ry girl if fair and young
You for her ſtand'ıer knows.

There's nothing in the realms of ſpace,
Nor can the fancy find
A thing ſo hideous as your face
If we except your mind. B. D.

To John T. B——d——n, of Norfolk, on his ſaying that a voyage I contemplated had the air of Romance.

Yes, ſmiling Fancy dreams
Of things moſt rare,
Of roſy cheeks, of coal-black eyes;
Of girls with di'mond beams,
Bright as his hair
Who ſhines in Summer's burning ſkies.

The trade-winds proſp'rous blow;
With ſide-long ſails
The gulph ſtream paſt, the tropic blaze
Shall view from climes of ſnow,
'Mid Southern gales,
The bard who ſeeks for brighter rays.

Who ſeeks for beauty's ſun,
And hopes to hold
Within his arms a maid divine,
Whoſe heart when truly won
Is worth more gold
Than ever ſaw the ſolar ſhine.

Nor ſeeks alone for this,
For as her eyes
Bright be the downy gems ſhe brings!
I would not mar her bliſs,
And all the ſighs
Of love in penury are ſtings. C. C.

TO TIME.

AN ELEGY.

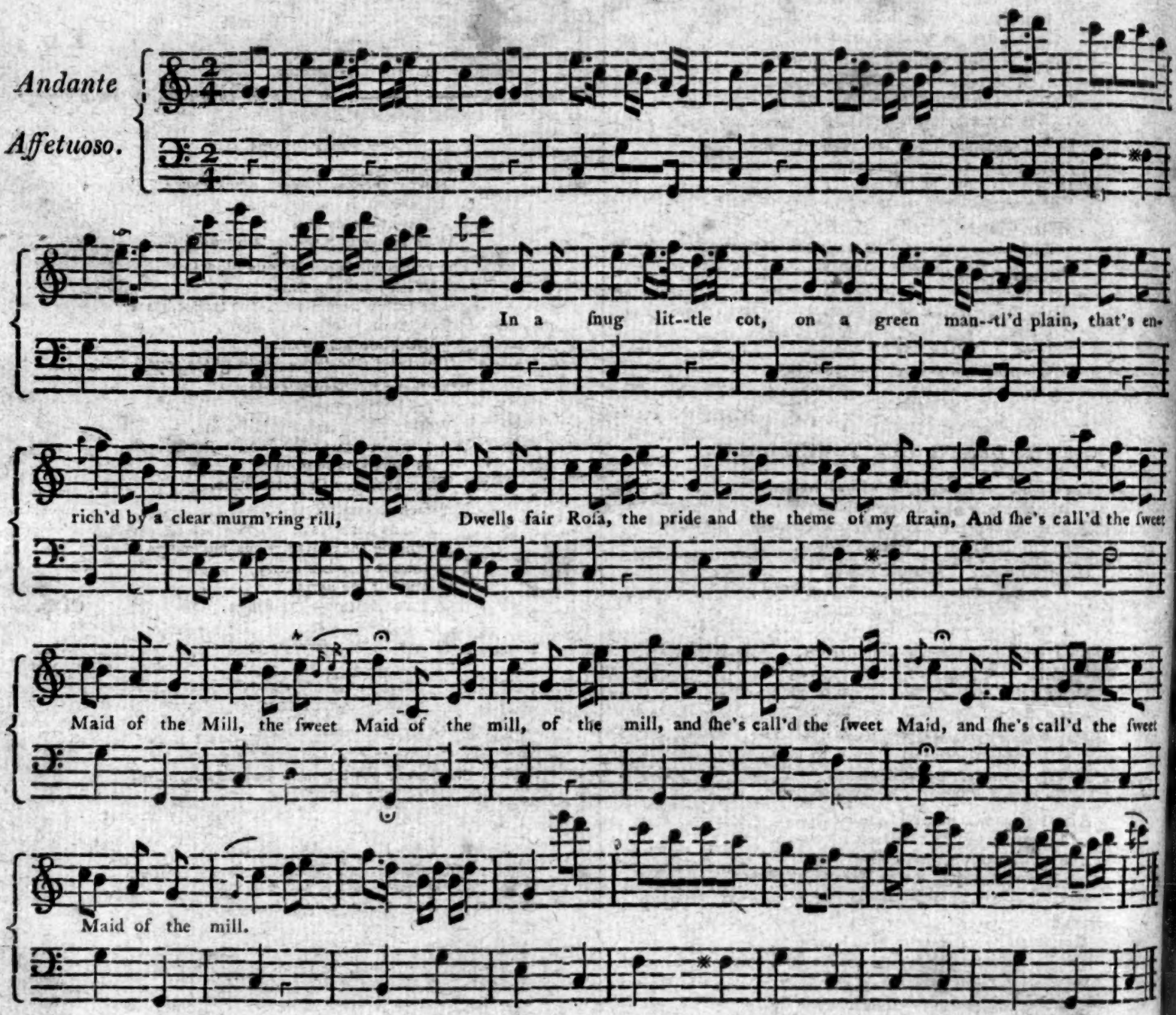
Thou who ſo oft has ſoothed the wretches woe,
And check'd the tear that mis'ry taught to flow,
Why, evaneſcent power, muſt I alone complain,
Thy trackleſs flight is marked o'er me in vain!
Why muſt thy fleeting years no healing balm impart
To ſooth the ſorrows that corrode my heart?
Why e'vn thy hours collected woes diffuſe,
And night to me, ſleep's ſoothing ſweets refuſe?
Muſt then at laſt the wretched Ella feel,
Her ſorrows mock thy potent pow'r to heal,
That hers are griefs which death alone can eaſe,
Huſh every ſigh and bid each ſorrow ceaſe?
Haſte then, oh Time, be rapid in your flight,
And cloſe theſe eyes in everlaſting night;
On, haſte the period when this ſinking frame,
The laſt ſad tribute of reſpect may claim;
When ſome lone ſpot this lifeleſs form ſhall ſhade,
And care no more my tortured heart invade. M. M.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
Once a Fortnight, at Two Dollars per Annum,
By Lynch & Southgate,
CORNER OF HARRIS'S BUILDING.

FOR THE VISITOR.

THE MAID OF THE MILL.

A New Song, composed by JOHN BRAY, of the Richmond Theatre.



2

Each Shepherd his flock daily leaves wild to rove,
And careleſsly browſe on the hill,
Whilſt his pipe in fond ſtrains tells the tale of his love
To fair Roſa, the Maid of the mill.

3

Ye pow'rs grant me theſe, then how envied my lot!
Well pleas'd I the day long would till,
If mine I might call yonder ſweet little cot,
And fair Roſa, the maid of the mill.